MEMORIALS: TO-DAY FOR: TO-MORROW

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Sunlight and shadow—and grief.
A heart-searching cry for a faith.
Urgings of hope for a life that shall be,
Surgings of love toward a dim, far sea.
Death that hath been,
And that is,
And shall be.
Love that is left with its Memory!

Sunlight and shadow—and song.
A passing from night to the dawn.
Dreamings in stone of a dream that was real,
Gleamings in marble that live and heal.
Life that hath been,
And that is,
And shall be.
Love—and Love's cherishing Memory!

Eleanor Cochran Reed

MEMORIALS·TO·DAY FOR·TO·MORROW

BY

WM·HENRY·DEACY

THE GEORGIA·MARBLE COMPANY

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Tate, Georgia

PREFACE

THE idea for this little volume was born many years ago when my attention was first attracted to the memorials in our American cemeteries. At a glance the trained observer could see that while much laborious effort and often much sincere labor had been spent on cemetery memorials they were for the most part entirely lacking in good taste or the rudiments of architectural design. True, scattered here and there throughout the country were outstanding examples of our great artists' creations; for St. Gaudens, Stanford White, Daniel Chester French and Richard Hunt had at times turned their creative talents to cemetery work. But most of these examples are in the nature of rather ambitious undertakings and are unquestionably beyond the means and requirements of the average plot owner.

In recent years some progress, indeed I might say much progress, has been made in cemetery art. There has been a sincere effort to serve the demands of an ever-increasing number of clients who wish to perpetuate in some form the family tribute to those who have gone before. The design of private memorials has been much influenced by the various quarry centers and many craftsmen have banded together to convey to the public some idea of what the production of a fitting private memorial means. Nevertheless, to my knowledge there has been no volume available on our library shelves which attempts to give the prospective client or patron ideas

and suggestions embodying the spirit of symbolism and aesthetic heritage.

While on an inspection trip through the old red hills of Georgia a few months ago a chance remark to Col. Sam Tate led to his enthusiastic sponsoring of this little volume. It is Colonel Tate's foresight and industry which have made available for many years to come the finest and most durable marble known in this country for cemetery work.

For the various "word paintings" within this work the author is indebted to his associate and co-worker Ernest Stevens Leland.

It is not my thought to make this volume a treatise on the technical side of stone cutting or in any way to review the archaeological remains of memorials reared by the various civilizations. Rather I seek to give some thought or suggestion to prospective builders that they may be guided in their ultimate decision. If they are in any way aided in an artistic and worthy solution of their problem by these few chapters it will be a source of great satisfaction and gratification to the author.

WM. HENRY DEACY.

New York
September, 1927

BEAUTIFUL AND ENDURING

"WHEN we build let us think that we build forever"—the immortal art critic of the last century thus advises us, but how little we give heed to his words with a single exception. But when we place a stone to the memory of those gone before we fondly hope it may endure for all time. Our first thought in considering a solution of the problem is "will the material last." This thought is so uppermost in the mind of a client that more often than one cares to believe the design and decoration are neglected. Anything built to last forever should be above all things beautiful and so these twin attributes must dominate the builder's creed. We may have beauty without permanence and permanence without beauty, but a memorial to the dead must have both these qualities. A memorial lacking beauty does not deserve to endure while real beauty is worthy of perpetuity.

What is beauty in a memorial? With almost as many styles and schools as we have artists, and with every artist seeking his own personal expression the question is hard to answer. Therefore, we can only let our esthetic nature be our guide and seek the counsels of those who have, through experience and research, determined the forms and elements which best please the cultured eye. The experienced designer so combines his forms and so utilizes his material that the finished result appeals even though the eye of the beholder is untrained. Music has been said to be the universal language, imparting a certain

charm to sadness and a touch of life to everything. Beautiful memorials speak a perpetual as well as a universal language, alleviating the sadness of death and magnifying the powers of life.

Some few years ago a leading educational journal conducted a competition to determine the most beautiful words in the English language. They were judged according to their beauty of sound as well as beauty of meaning. The thought occurs that these words may be expressed in perpetual stone even though many are personal attributes. The designs in this book represent an attempt to interpret these words in design.

When we are speaking of beauty let us have a symbolic beauty and therefore each and every winning word is, in the pages which follow, visualized for you that you may have a few suggested guides in the choice of your memorial. But in this practical age we must always select our memorial with regard to its durability as well as beauty. Through symbolism and atmosphere we may impart to a monument some attributes of a person. In every design we have imparted life to the inanimate. We have given to the lifeless stone the qualities of a person. Few of our present-day memorials have any symbolic quality, though in other arts this is achieved through the written word.

Our memorials are successful surely if they express personalities. All monuments are more or less forms of biography. The builder, no matter what he does in the nature of a memorial, should express the true character of his client. Gladstone it was who said, "Show me how a country takes care of its dead and I will tell you the state of its civilization." As a family burial plot appears, so is the family.

No words suffice the secret soul to show
For truth denies all ELOQUENCE to woe.

Byron

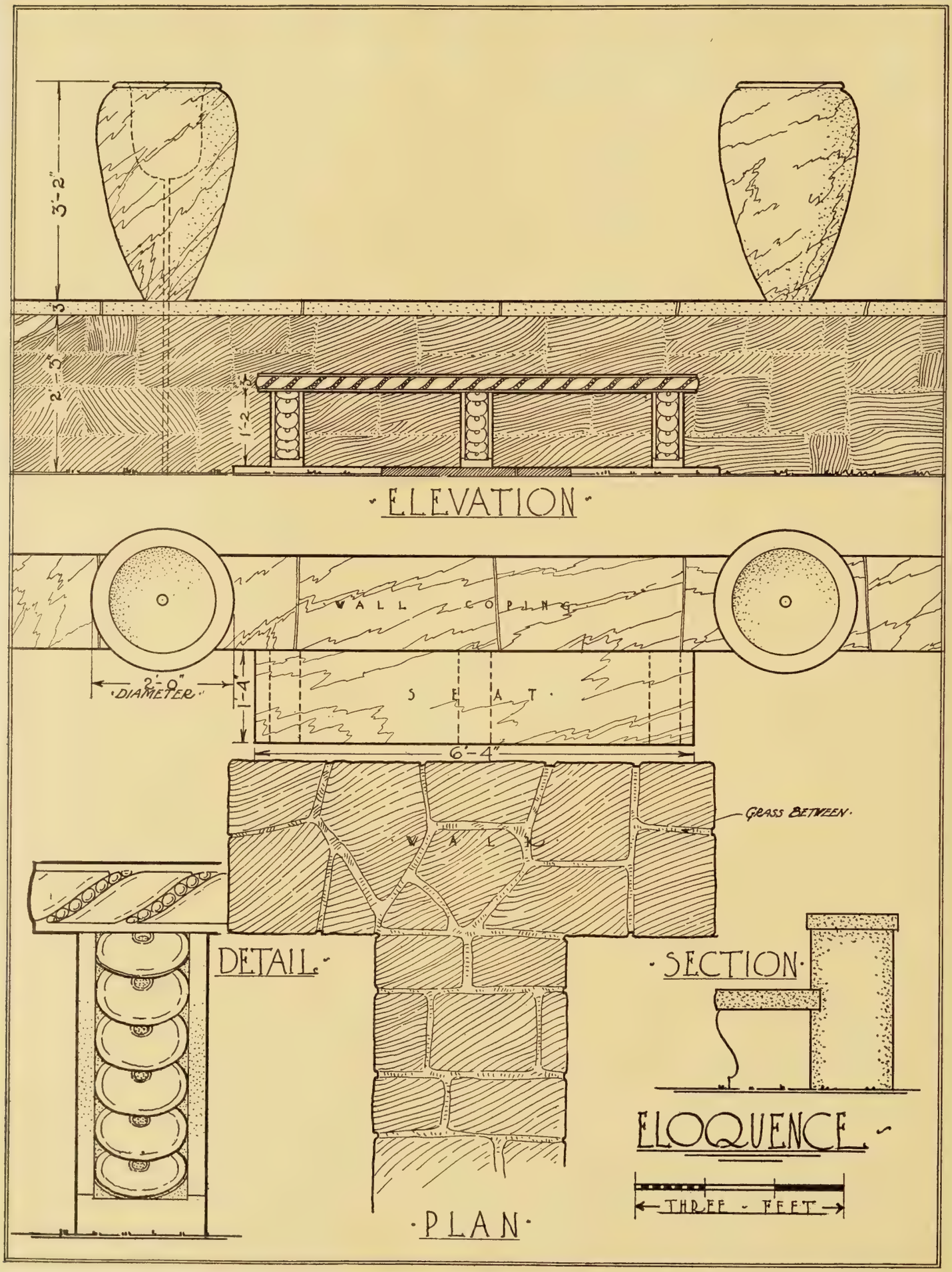
ELOQUENCE

(Garden Bench)

THERE is poignant significance in Byron's thought that truth denies all eloquence to woe. How inarticulate and helpless we are indeed before the presence of Fate, when Fate is the harbinger of sorrow and misery to some friend. Perhaps, as Tupper said, a well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech,—and yet in our helplessness we feel the need of some word or deed to express our emotion. And it is this urge to make eloquent the emotions that has ever inspired man to commemorate those he has loved. Since the dawn of civilization, man has found a measure of consolation in protecting and beautifying the resting place of those who have gone before. The rough hewn cairns of primitive man, the mighty tombs of Egypt, the lovely stelae of ancient Greece, the ponderous sarcophagi of Rome, the carved Crosses of Celtic Britain, the splendour of Renaissance sepulchres, the quaint slabs in our Colonial churchyards, the beautiful memorials in our modern cemeteries,—all these bespeak man's traditional effort to give not mere eloquence to his woe, but perpetual honor to those who have preceded him into the life beyond. Particularly is this true in America, for we rarely find monuments immortalizing the sorrow of the bereaved or featuring the funereal. Indeed, the very opposite tendency prevails and where symbols or sculpture are introduced, we give eloquence to the life that has been lived; to our Faith and to our Hope for immortality;

to our moral and spiritual aspirations; to the truth we have been taught by our fathers. For truth, wrote Amiel, is the secret of eloquence and of virtue, the basis of moral authority; it is the highest summit of art and life.

In ancient Greece, the poets and philosophers were wont to foregather in the temples for eloquent discourse and their favourite meeting place was the exedra, usually a semi-circular seat or bench. The classic beauty and simplicity of these exedrae early suggested their use in memorial art and in America monuments of this type are among the most favoured for memorials of impressive scale or size. With the advent of modern cemetery landscaping, the modest and simple garden bench as a memorial finds a wide appeal. Like the exedra, it suggests repose and when embraced by evergreen planting, or flanked by lovely urns, it affords another non-funereal theme for the memorial of moderate cost.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GRASS BETWEEN
WALK
DETAIL
SECTION
ELOQUENCE
THREE FEET
PLAN

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the MODESTY of nature.

Shakespeare

MODESTY

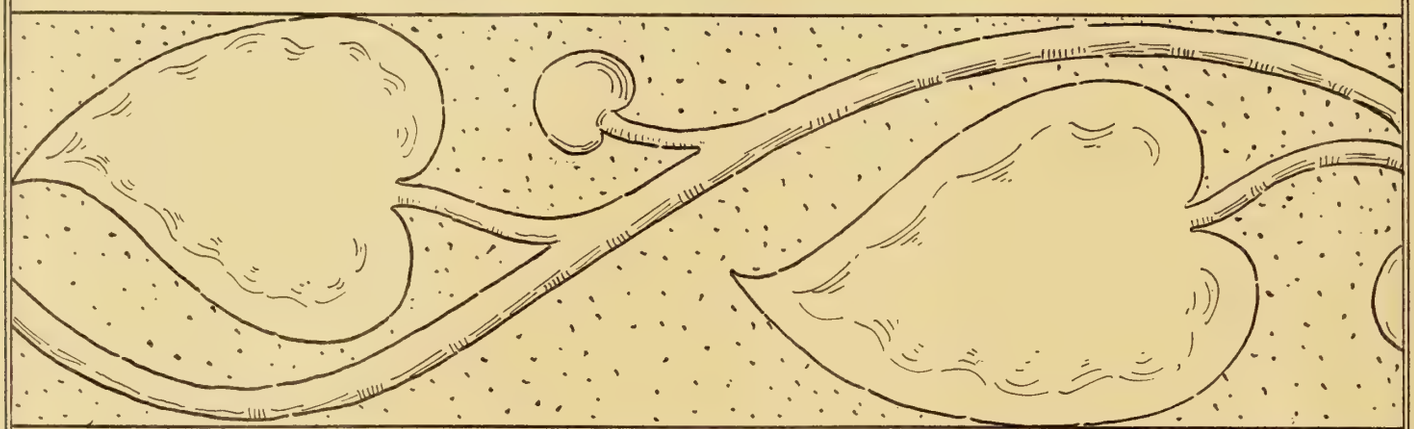
(Tablet)

THE first of all virtues, wrote Addison, is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries with her half the virtue that is in it. And modesty, once banished—said Publius Syrus—never returns to favour. Critics of our age, and particularly of modern youth, are prone to deplore the wane of modesty. Perhaps its crimson glow which gives new luster to the charms of youth is indeed rare in this day of sophistication and frankness, for as Burke maintained, modesty does not long survive innocence. But if the grace and blush of innocent modesty has gone, have we not in its place the sort of modesty that Shakespeare called the beacon of the wise? In the brilliant achievements of modern youth, in their feats of mind and body, are we not constantly reminded of Sir William Gilbert's lines: Wherever valour true is found, true modesty will there abound? And when, in the world's history, has arrogance—the antithesis of modesty—ever been so utterly despised as it is today? Goldsmith held that modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues; and one of the French philosophers tells us that modesty is the chastity of merit, the virtue of noble souls. Surely, then, we can maintain faith in an age that deplores vanity, conceit, egotism and arrogance,—an age, to borrow words from Chapin, in which modest expression is a beautiful setting to the diamond of talent and genius? Hafiz likened

MODEST

modesty to the sweet song bird which no open-cage door can tempt to flight and in the glorious achievements of the Lone Eagle—the immortal We—mankind has learned that modern youth, despite the plaints of cynics and pessimists, agrees with Lowell in believing that the wisest man can ask no more of Fate than to be simple, modest, manly and true.

It was the mighty Napoleon who once observed that the greatest ornament of an illustrious life is modesty and humility. Study the personality of the men and women who are contributing the most to modern civilization, and you will find a modest doubt concerning their achievements. And this modesty, which is a national trait, finds expression in the essential simplicity of the memorials erected in our cemeteries today. Display in the form of elaboration and sheer bulk of stone are relics of yesterday. More and more we find the public taste turning to the quiet dignity, the modest scale, the refined individuality of monuments like the subject here shown.



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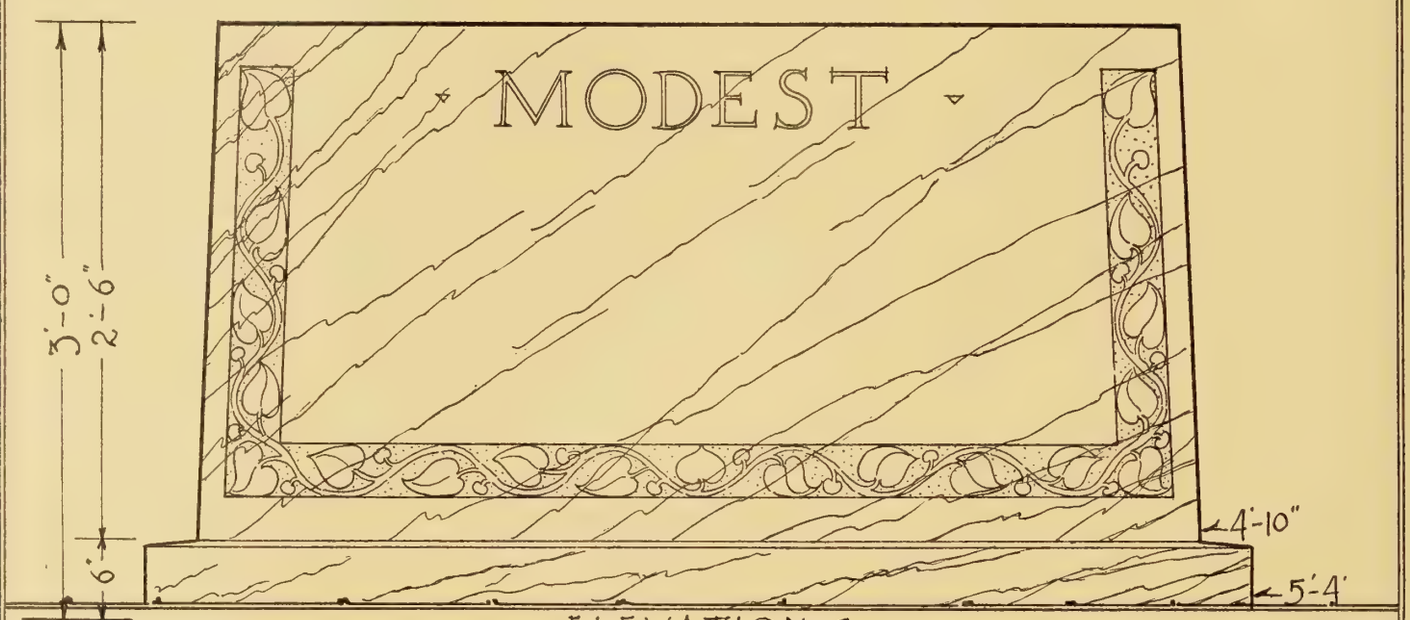

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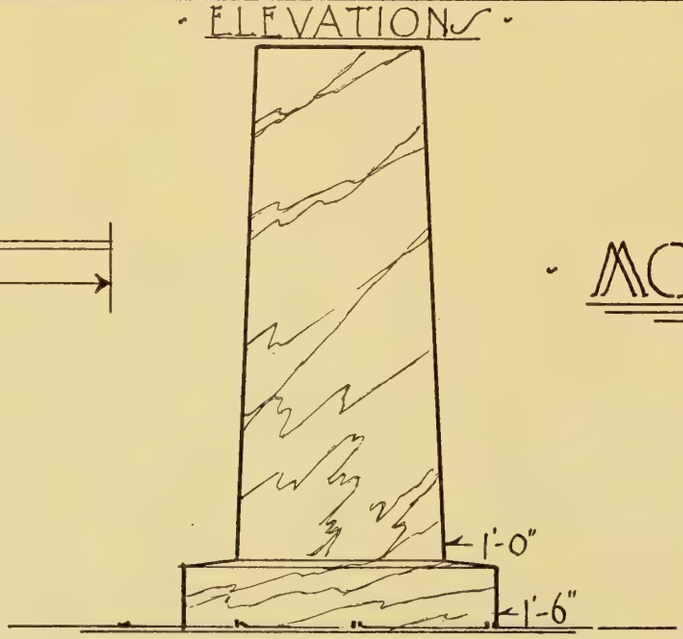


MODESTY

NOBILITY is the one only virtue.

Juvenal

NOBILITY

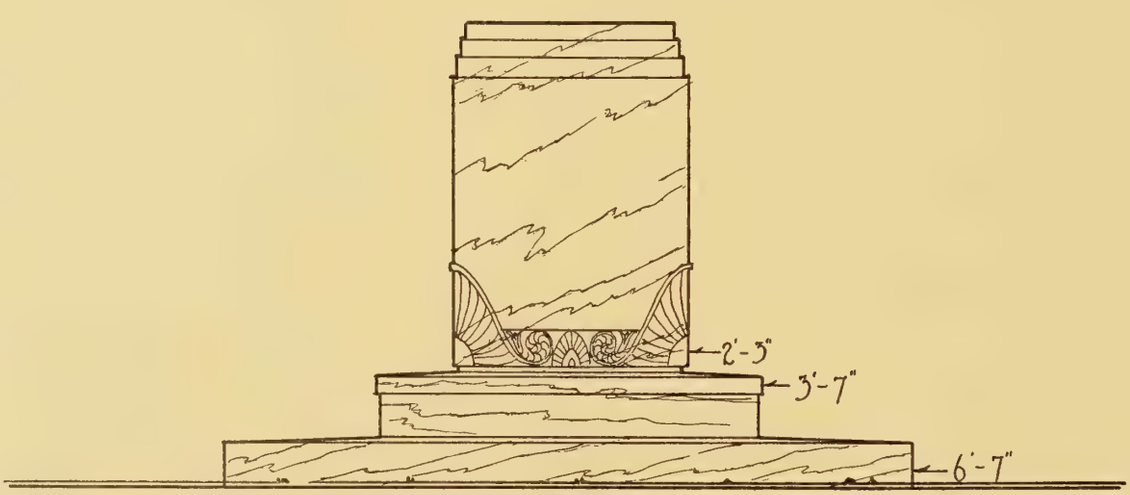
(Sarcophagus)

NOBILITY, according to Juvenal, is the one only virtue; and our own James Russell Lowell urged us to be noble, for then the nobleness that lies in other men sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet our own. Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die, wrote Manners, Duke of Rutland,—but leave us still our old nobility. And in a similar strain, Wordsworth maintained that there is one great society alone on earth, the noble living and the noble dead. But what is nobility,—is it merely inherited position in society or does it spring from something deeper in the soul? Shakespeare said that sweet mercy is nobility's true badge; Swift held that the two noblest things are sweetness and light, while Tennyson believed that 'tis only noble to be good. He most lives, wrote Philip James Bailey, who thinks most, feels the noblest and acts the best. And while it does appear, as the Bard of Avon thought, that many natures are indeed too noble for this world, yet when such a noble soul has passed beyond we can the better feel the truth of Milton's lines: Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt, dispraise or blame,—nothing but well and fair and what may quiet us in a death so noble. Surely such a life will join that choir invisible, which Cross described, of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence.

LANCASTER

The element of nobility and dignity, in architecture, is best expressed by impressive scale and monolithic construction. Among the historic prototypes, in the art of the monument, no type of memorial quite rivals the sarcophagus in sheer dignity,—in suggesting nobility. Perhaps in a sense this may be attributed to the fact that so many men famous in history are interred in sarcophagi placed within the temple or cathedral. While the sarcophagus, in America, is rarely used for actual entombment, it nevertheless remains the most prevalent of all forms for the cemetery memorial. Consistent with the modern trend toward simplicity and the unpretentious, these sarcophagi are properly simplified,—creative design and resourcefulness taking the place of extravagant ornament and sheer bulk of stone. The original design reproduced on the opposite leaf is typical of the work done by the more gifted designers in memorials of this type.

FRONT



SIDE

NOBILITY

To know, to esteem, to LOVE, and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

Coleridge

LOVE

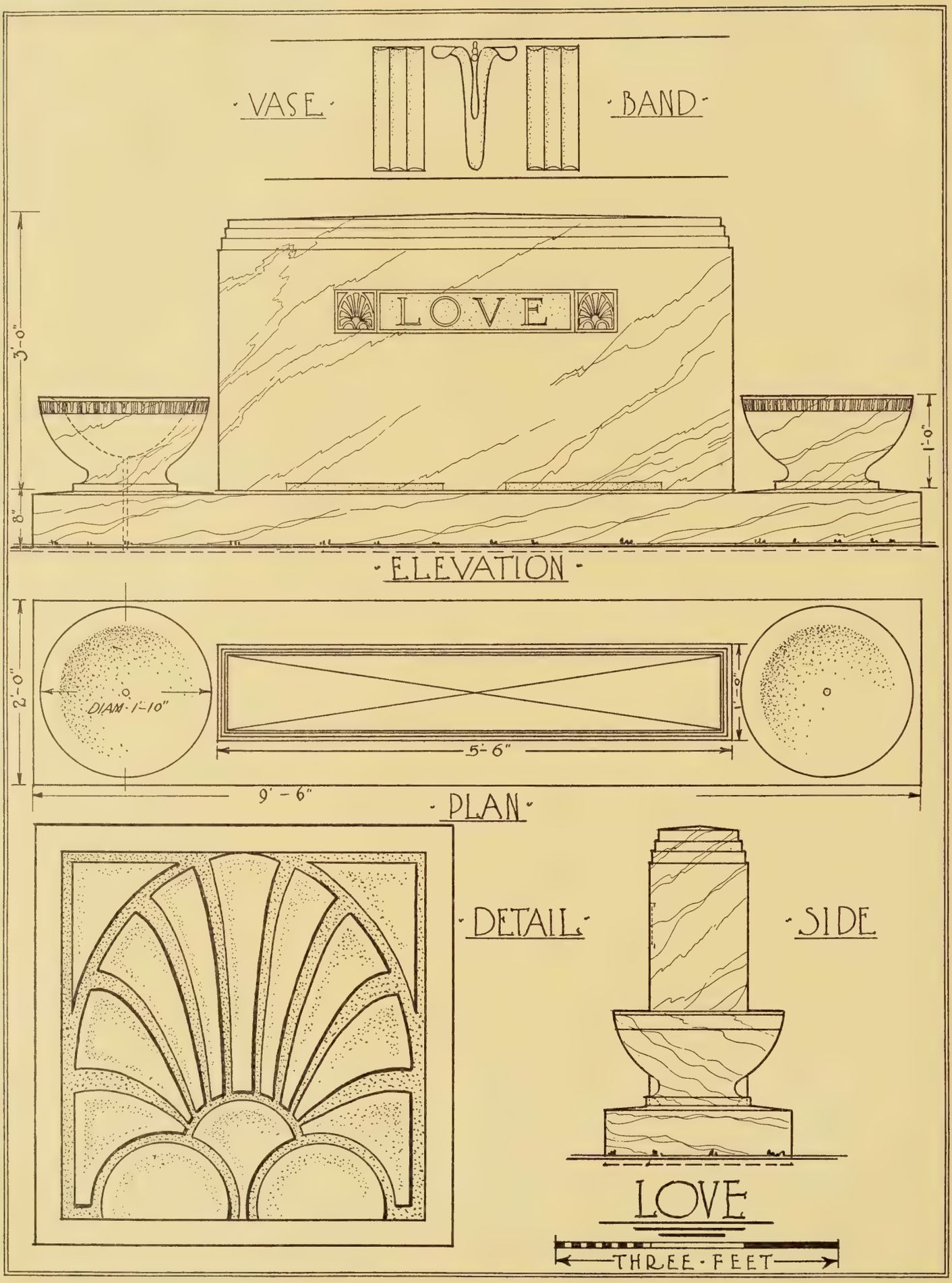
(Tablet with Vases)

LOVE is ever the beginning of knowledge as fire is of light, wrote Carlyle, and certain it is that the poets, prophets and philosophers of all ages have ever sought to understand the source, the spark of that immortal flame, that light from heaven which men call love. From the song and wisdom of all ages we gleam that love is God's essence: that heaven is love and love is heaven: that true love is the gift which God has given to man alone: and that God, Himself, from beautiful necessity is Love. This divine origin of Love was superbly expressed by Tennyson when he wrote that God gives us love,—something to love he lends us! And yet, like the mystery of life itself, love evades definition. It has been described as that orbit of the restless soul whose circle grazes the confines of space. But we know not what it is. And if it can excel all the joys, it can likewise surpass all the sorrows. For there is no sorrow like love denied or lost. To know, to esteem, to love and then to part—said Coleridge—makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart. Others find in Spenser's lines another sad truth: Each time we love, we turn a nearer and a broader mark to that keen archer, sorrow, and he strikes! But love can hope, wrote Lytton, where reason would despair, and though love may be blind and may be doomed to mourn, yet—to borrow words from Southey—they sin who tell us love can die, for love is indestructible; its flame forever burneth;

LOVE

from heaven it came, to heaven it returns, for while it soweth here with toil and care the harvest time of love is in heaven. Montgomery expressed the same thought in a sentiment so often used as an epitaph: Beyond this vale of tears there is a life above, unmeasured by the flight of years; and all that life is love.

The language of art, like the language of flowers, can express with beautiful significance this immortality of love,—the truth that Life is ever Lord of death and that love can never lose its own. Particularly is this true of Memorial Art. Aside from symbols and significant ornament, there is the form and function of the memorial itself. Study for a moment the design here reproduced,—a tablet flanked by vases filled with growing flowers. The design was inspired by a verse from Helen Hunt Jackson: All lost things are in the angel's keeping, love; no past is dead for us, but only sleeping. The quiet simplicity of the tablet and the strong horizontal lines suggest repose. The growing flowers, attended by those who care and love, bespeak the fact that the past is not dead. And it is this living function; the consoling duty of maintaining the growing flowers that has given so wide an appeal to the memorial that features living flowers or shrubs. Contrasted with the conventional memorial—a mass or wall of stone—the monument that thus features urns or vases affords a note of colour and life which silently tell us that somewhere and for someone, the past is not dead; that love triumphs.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BAND
LOVE
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9'-6"
PLAN
DETAIL
SIDE
LOVE
THREE FEET

A thing of beauty is a JOY forever,
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

Keats

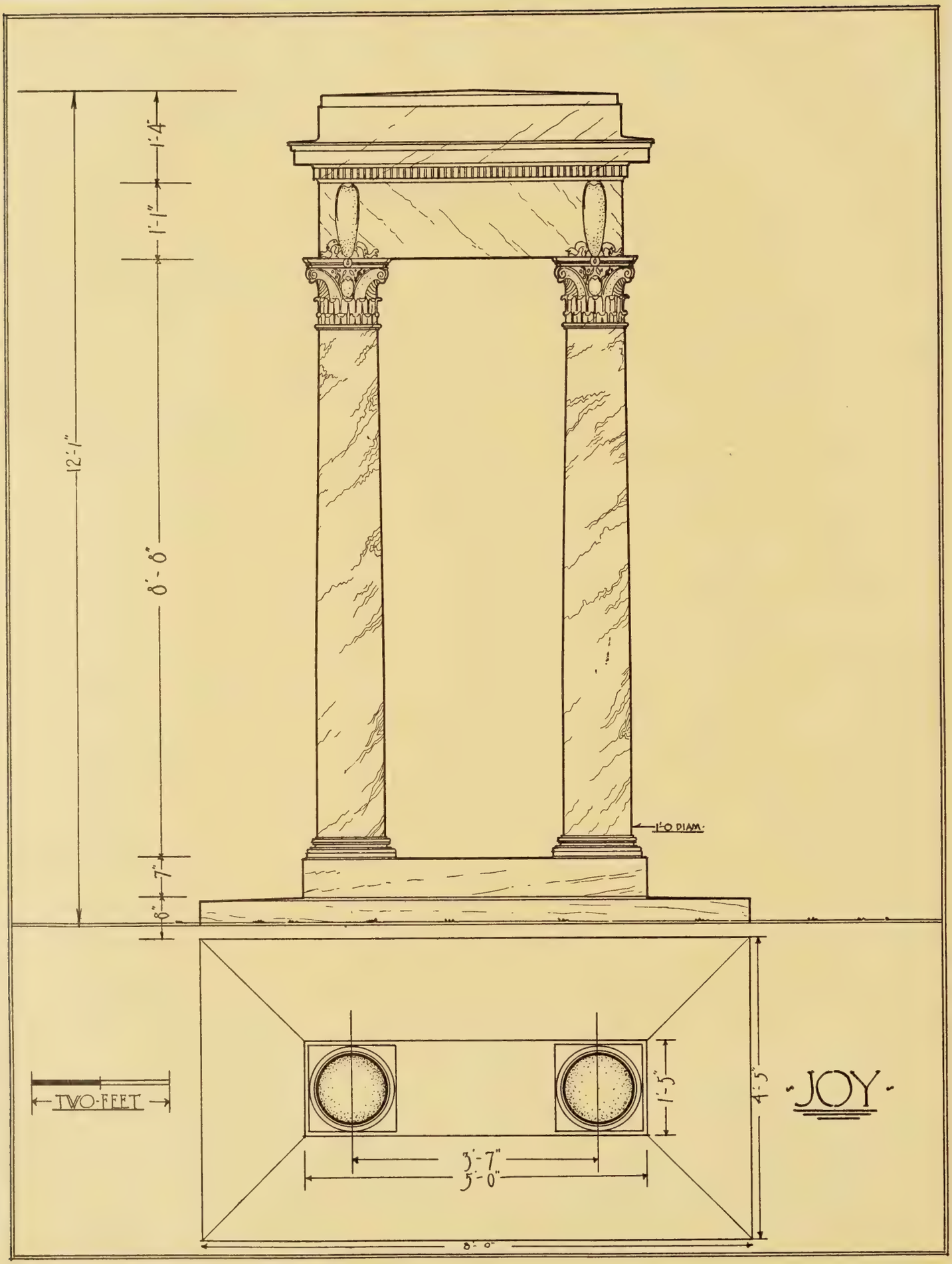
JOY

(Column Monument)

FROM the depths of his vast melancholy Dante wrote that there is no greater grief than to remember days of Joy when misery is at hand. And Byron maintained that there is not a Joy the world can give like that it takes away. Even Burns gives way to pessimism in his famous lines about the schemes of mice and men, when he complains that for our promised Joy we are left naught but grief and pain. Alas, how few of us in the hour of misery can apply a faith or philosophy that will resist despair. Nor is there consolation in the thought that Joys too exquisite to last are more exquisite when past, or, to borrow another line from Montgomery, bliss in possession will not last—remembered Joys are never past. In our sorrow we are more inclined to agree with him when he refers to the graves of memory where sleep the Joys of other years. And yet, life has taught us nothing if not to know that time in its relentless march heals all wounds, that sorrows remembered sweeten present Joys, that Joy comes and grief goes as Lowell said, we know not how. The philosopher and the faithful alike must agree that after all we abide here but a few moments and the span of life cannot long separate us from those who have gone before. And while we remain, we have an obligation to our friends and to ourselves. Poor indeed thou must be, wrote Harriet Winslow Sewall, if around thee thou no ray of light and Joy canst throw. Or, as one

of the poets expressed it, while we are often glad no more, we can wear a face of Joy because we have been glad of yore.

In one of his most famous lines, Keats linked joy with beauty: A thing of beauty, he said, is a joy forever; its loveliness increases, it will never pass into nothingness. There is no more eloquent testimonial of this truth than the universal appeal of classic architecture. Since the golden days of Greek civilization, mankind has paid one long and sustained tribute to the architects of Greece and Rome: for in all eras and throughout all western nations, the famous classic orders—Doric, Ionic and Corinthian—have been adopted or adapted in the art of building beautifully. The triumph of classic architecture is the column. With beauty and grace it served the function of a supporting wall. And so it is that the column plays so large a part in contemporary memorial art. For the columnar monument attains important scale, classic beauty of design and impressive dignity without mass of wall or bulk of stone. During the closing years of the nineteenth century, columnar monuments in the form of so-called canopies found a wide appeal. But these have given way to less cumbersome structures,—graceful bi-columnar memorials like the design here reproduced. Rich in classic detail, imposing withal simple in form, such a tribute indeed achieves the beauty that Keats maintained would be a joy forever.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8'-0"
JOY

VIRTUE is like a rich stone,—best plain set.

Bacon

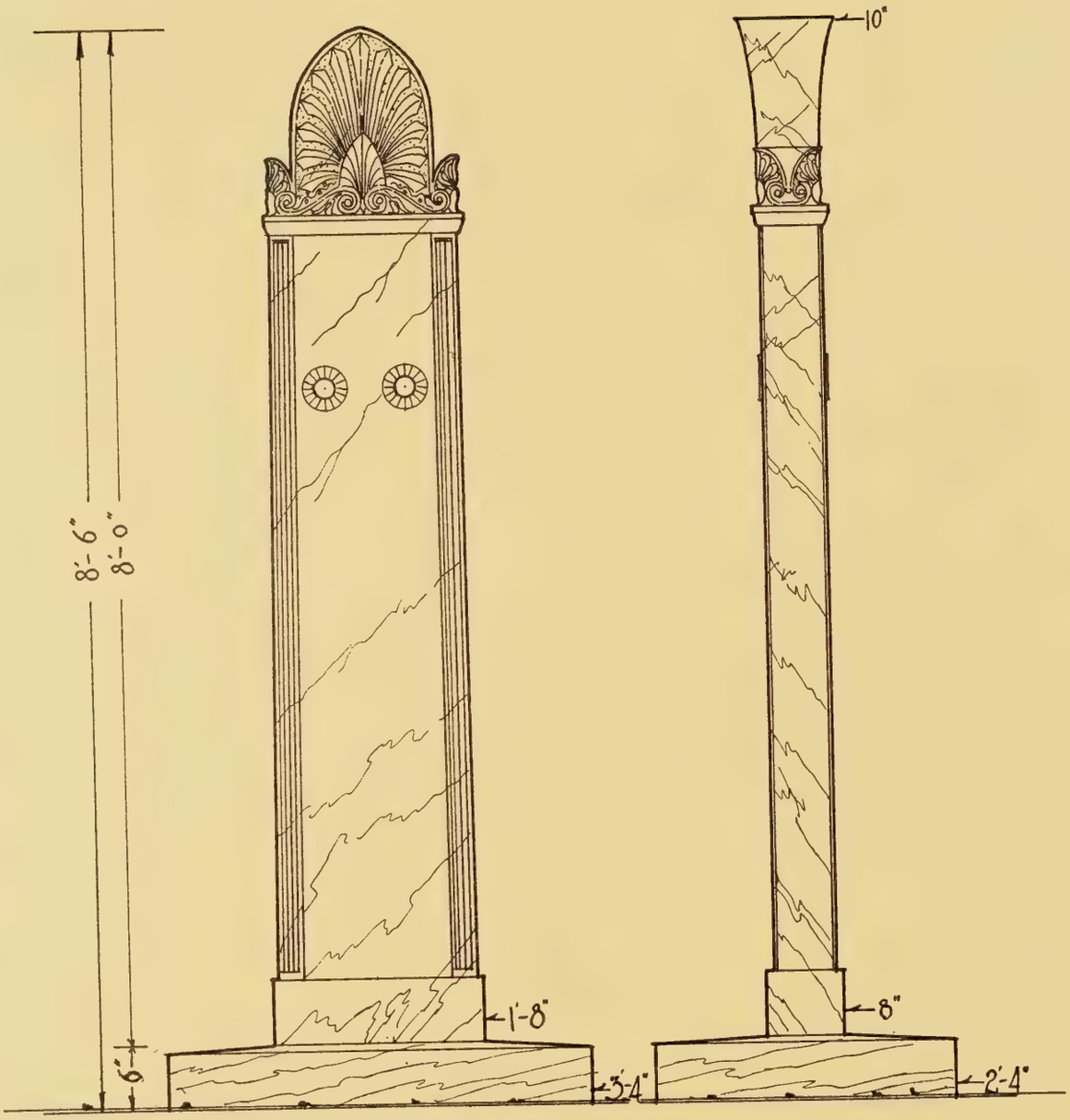
VIRTUE

(Greek Stele)

IRTUE, it has been said, outbuilds the pyramids, and her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall. Do good, the philosophers maintain, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. And yet, to recall words from Shakespeare, it is too often sadly true that men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water. The literature of our day abounds in books which aspire to reveal the limitations of great men and to shake our faith in the essential integrity of their lives and achievements. But we should not despair, for it is true that virtue is its own reward that never in history has man been so prompt to rear lasting and inspiring tributes in marble to heroes, benefactors and to those he has loved. Despite all the materialism attributed to our age by saints and cynics, the churchyards and cemeteries of our country reveal a universal expression of sentiment, among rich and poor alike, that was unrivalled by Egypt, the nation of tomb builders. Surely a people that is given to sheer sentiment of this kind in honoring the dead, has not lost in its relations with the living, a regard for the three Christian virtues—Faith, Hope and Charity! We are grown accustomed to the plaints of pessimists who place a low estimate upon our time and tendencies, and yet who knows but that the archaeologist a thousand years hence may read a far more understanding story of our ideals and our real selves

in these tombs and monuments we rear in honor of our friends and kin?

With the possible exception of the Cross, which is of course rich in religious significance, no historic type of memorial better expresses virtue than the ancient Greek stele,—admired by lovers of art throughout the civilized world. It was Bacon who said that virtue was like a rich stone, best plain set. The classic refinement and chaste simplicity of these Hellenic grave-slabs have compelled the admiration of artists, architects and scholars because they incorporate in a single composition all the cardinal principles of good design. The anthemion or crest ornament of the Greek stele has long been ranked as the supreme contribution of the Greeks to architectural ornament and the slender slab-like form of the shaft attains a graceful charm and dignity rarely equalled by the more common and cumbersome type of memorial. By the Greeks it was largely used as a Cenotaph—a tomb marking an empty grave—but in Europe and America, the superb architectural form of the stele has been adopted by architects and sculptors as a theme for memorials to noted men and women—scholars, artists and others who in life attained that finer discrimination which is so essential to an adequate appreciation of classic beauty.



"VIRTUE"

THREE - FEET

'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of FAITH, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Wordsworth

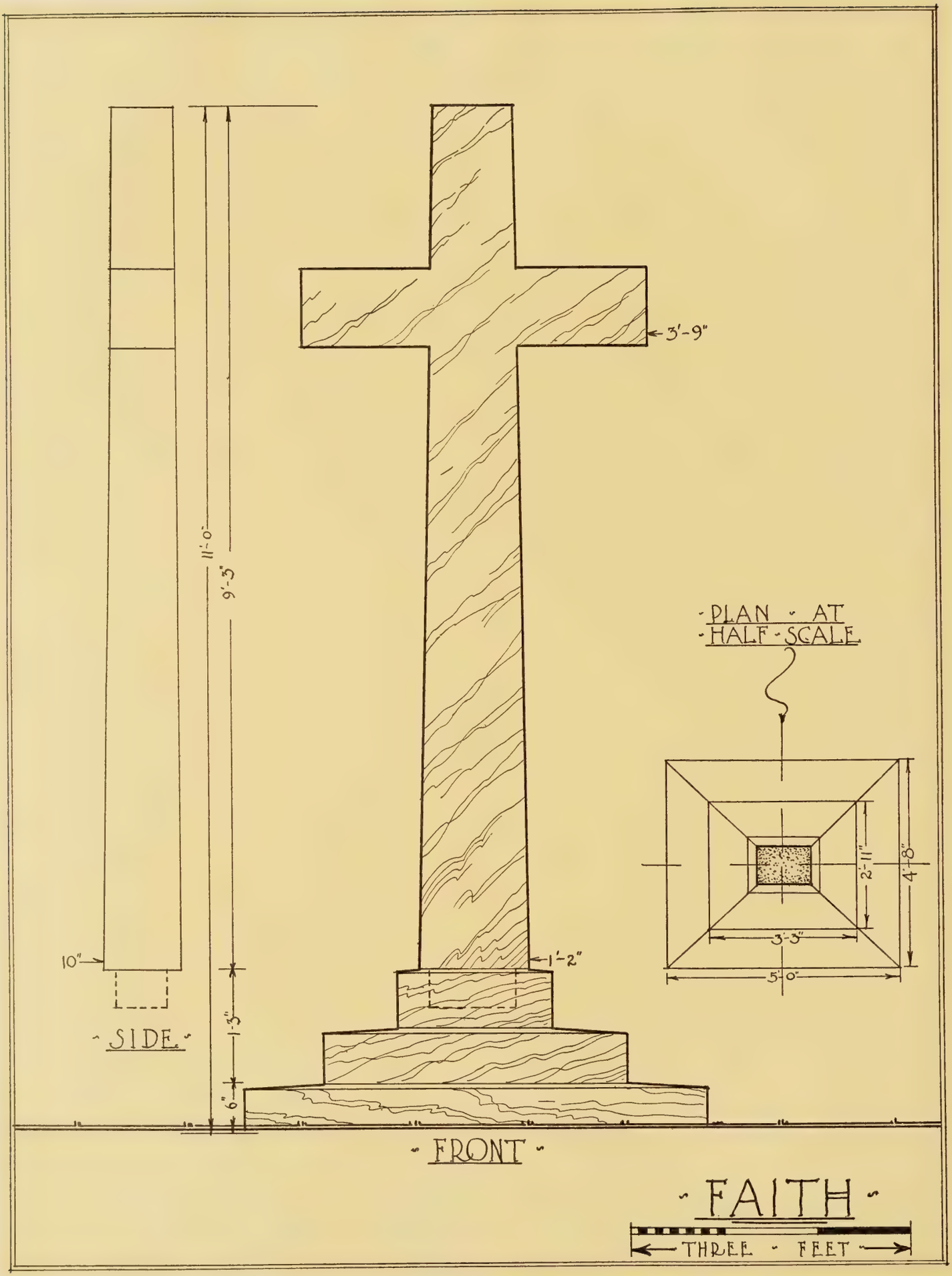
FAITH

(Latin Cross)

AITH had brought Him to Calvary. The Betrayal, the Trial, the piercing Crown of Thorns, the torturous road to Golgotha, the cruel weight of the Cross, the hour of Crucifixion,—through all these Faith had led Him on. What wonder, therefore, that the Cross of Calvary, instrument of the Passion, has been throughout the ages of Christianity a memorial of the Faith, the Chosen Symbol? What a power and what an inspiration that Cross has been! When the burdens and the sorrows of life weigh heavily upon us and the road is verily another Golgotha, we can fix our eyes upon Calvary and remembering the tortures He endured on that Cross, we can renew our Faith in the will of God, our Hope for the dawn of that yet more glorious day and our Charity toward all men. For these are the three Christian virtues and the three steps of the Calvary, Faith, Hope and Charity. And if the greatest of these be Charity, then surely the most sublime is Faith; for Faith is the essence of the Christian life and at Faith's pure shrine we sense the Divinity that shapes our ends and with the apostle Paul we learn that Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

In one of her lovely verses, Christine Rosetti likened Faith to a lily, lifted high and white. How very much like such a lily is the Cross of Calvary, lifted high and white on some lovely site in Churchyard or Cemetery? What theme in memorial art can better sym-

bolize that pure-eyed Faith and white-handed Hope which Milton likened to the hovering angel, girt with golden wings? To all Christian people, whatever their creed or sect, the Cross will ever remain unrivalled as the most significant of all memorials, for it is inherently a memorial itself,—an emblem of the Christ, a symbol of the Resurrection and a sign of the Faith. Memorial Crosses may take the simple form of the Calvary here shown, they may be enriched with symbolical Lillies or Passion Flower and they may be elaborately carved with the interlaced ornament of the Celtic era. Whatever its form or source, the Cross conveys the same traditional message and appeal,—it alone expresses that Faith which Wordsworth described as the amaranthine flower.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FRONT
FAITH
THREE FEET

There is in souls a SYMPATHY with sounds;
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.

Cowper

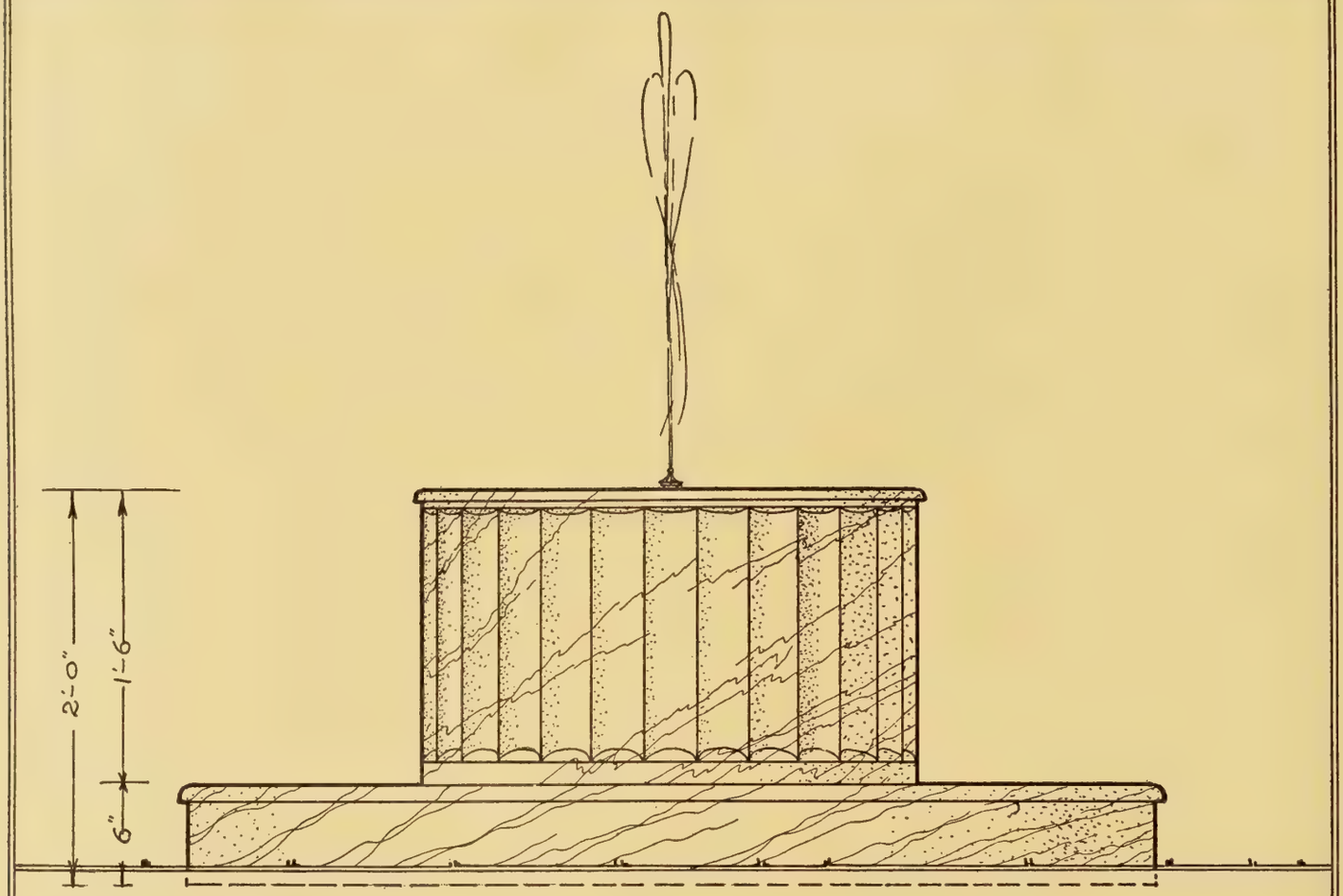
SYMPATHY

(Bird Bath)

OSSEAU once observed that it is our common miseries which draw our hearts to humanity and in the writings of Montgomery we read of the sad relief that misery loves,—the fellowship of grief. How true it is that sorrow shared is but half a trouble,—that pity and need make all flesh kin! One of the minor poets, Daniel, has beautifully described the consolation of sympathy in these words: For 'tis some ease our sorrows to reveal, if they to whom we shall impart our woes, seem but to feel a part of what we feel, and meet us with a sigh. But alas, to borrow lines from Anna Waring, how rare is the heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize? In this day of intensive living, we are all too often absorbed in our own problems to tarry long with the sorrows and miseries of others. Heavenly sympathy that herds the common life, which Wordsworth mentioned, is impaired by the pace and demands of modern life. Not until we suffer the need of sympathy can we fully realize how much mankind needs the silver key, which Lewis Morris describes,—the silver key that can unlock the sacred font of tears which, falling, make life green. Sorrow is cheered by being poured from one vessel into another, and if we would have company in our misery, we must in turn open our hearts to the sorrows of others; for love is indeed the secret sympathy, the silver link, the silken tie which heart to heart and mind to mind in body and soul can bind. Teach me, said

Pope to feel another's woe: and the world today may well share in his plea.

Sympathy and sentiment are closely related. Indeed, the one cannot exist without the other. And while sentiment alone prompts us to build memorials, nevertheless the past decade has witnessed a tendency, in America, to link sentiment and sympathy in both cemeteries and cemetery memorials. Sponsored by the Association of American Cemetery Superintendents, a movement has developed to make bird sanctuaries of our cemeteries,—to make them a haven of refuge for our little feathered friends of the sky. It is a beautiful thought and only the student of nature can appreciate what these sanctuaries mean to the birds in populous districts. With the bird sanctuary, and the modern landscaping of our cemeteries, has come a demand for memorials that recall the formal garden,—sundials, pergolae, vases, benches and, unique among them all, the bird bath. Expressing a lovely sentiment and manifesting sympathy for the beautiful creatures God sends to us from the skies, the bird bath is far more than a useful memorial,—it is a living lesson, a symbol of the humane. As a tribute in memory of a nature lover or one who has brought beauty, love and sunshine into the world, no theme for a memorial is more expressive than a bird bath, whether it be a simple basin supported by a pedestal or such an original design as the drawing here illustrated.



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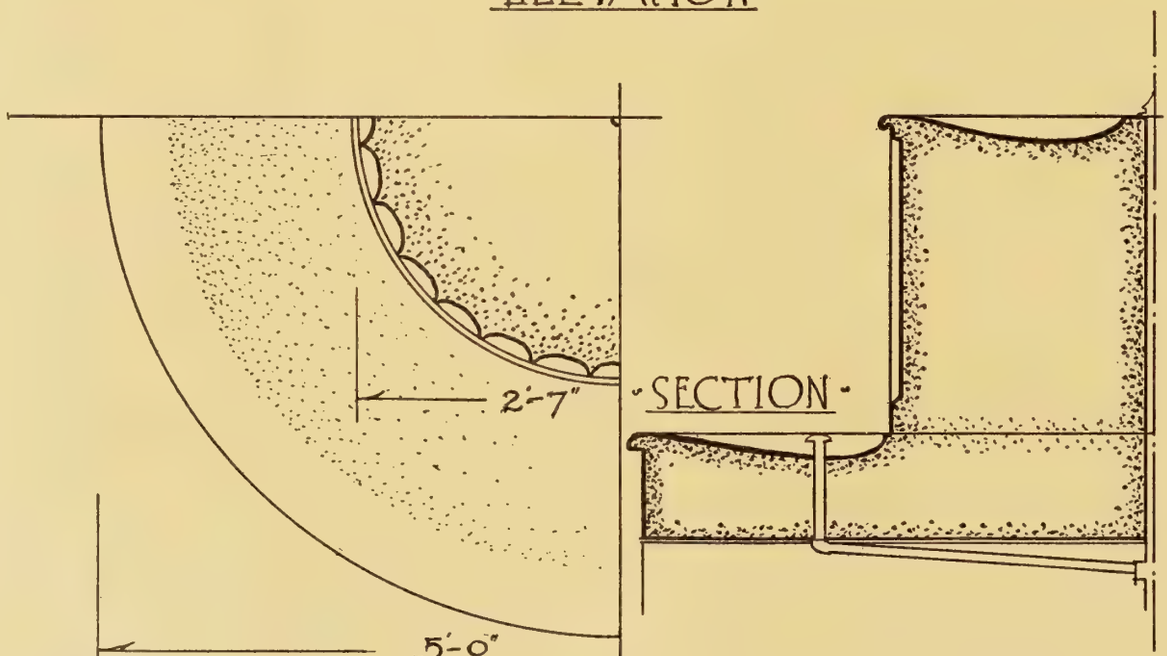


"PLAN"

"SECTION"

"SYMPATHY"

THREE - FEET

And there is even a HAPPINESS
That makes the heart afraid.

Hood

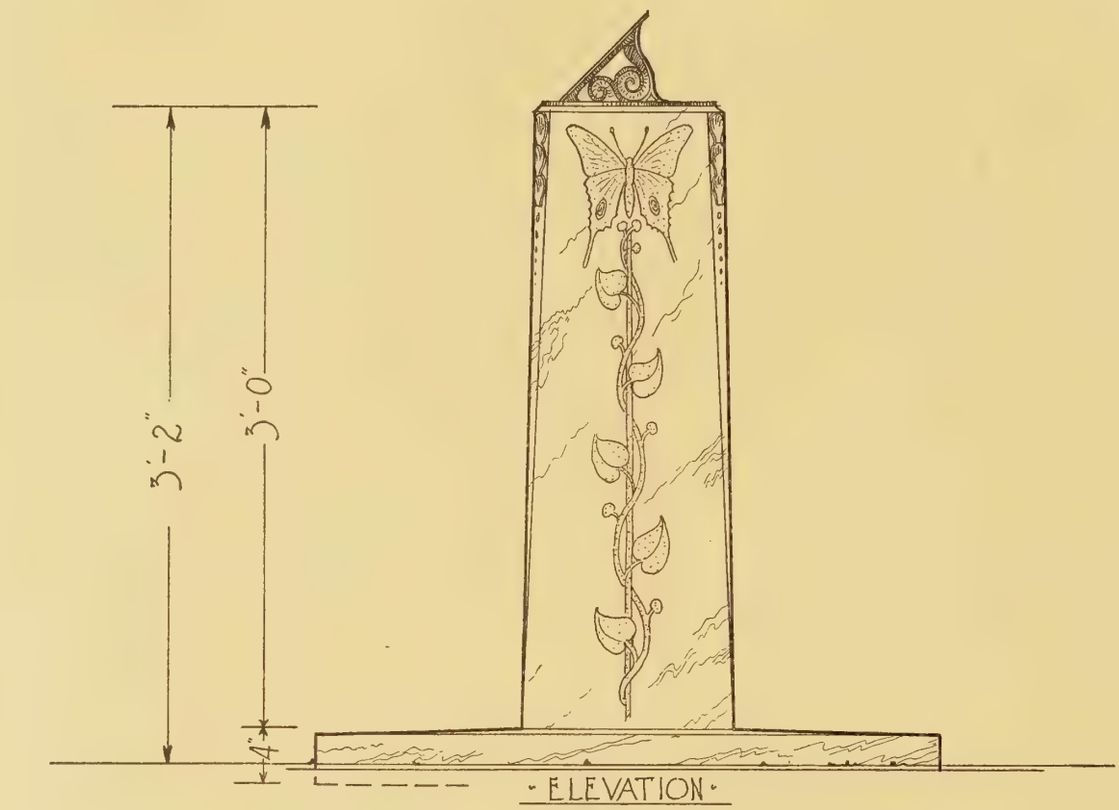
HAPPINESS

(Sundial)

OW like the swinging of a mighty pendulum is life! From laughter to tears, from joy to woe, from light to shade, our lives rock to and fro and with what seems to be a regulated rhythm not unlike the law which Emerson described in his essay on Compensation. To be sure, there are many who seem to escape the bitter things of life but how true it is that we cannot judge from externals, nor can any man's life be appraised until it is finished. Too often, as Yulden rhymed the thought, we are charmed with distant views of Happiness, but nearer approaches make the prospect less. Nevertheless Nature shows, according to Cowper, that Happiness depends less on exterior things than most suppose, and as Cotton maintained, we are fools to roam for Happiness since within our breast this jewel lies. To be sure, destiny often seems determined to steal the jewel, but, as Bernard Shaw observed, no man could bear a lifetime of Happiness, it would be hell on earth—the pendulum again. Perhaps the key to genuine Happiness is held by those who have learned to expect both sunshine and shadow in life, who enjoy that domestic Happiness which Cowper believed was the only bliss of Paradise that survived the Fall, and, finally, they are happiest who believe that virtue alone is Happiness below.

As a tribute in memory of one whose life has shed a radiant light of virtue, of cheerfulness and loveliness and happiness,—there

is no theme more fitting than the sundial; for it speaks only when the sun shines, it counts only the sunny hours. Then too, the dial with eminent fitness may be used to commemorate those who have achieved lasting honor in the arts and sciences or in other fields of human endeavor; for it has been called the silent voice of time, symbolizing eternity and suggesting the lastingness of good. Our time, said Solomon, is the very shadow that passes away, and the sundial, measuring eternal time by light and shade, has properly taken an important place in America among the favoured themes for significant memorials of moderate cost. It bespeaks the modern tendency to make our cemeteries less funereal and more like formal gardens. The lovely dialstone here illustrated is enriched on each face with a formal vine terminating in a Butterfly, symbol of Immortality. The bronze dial may be inscribed with any one of a thousand beautiful and inspiring sentiments borrowed from the great poets and scholars.



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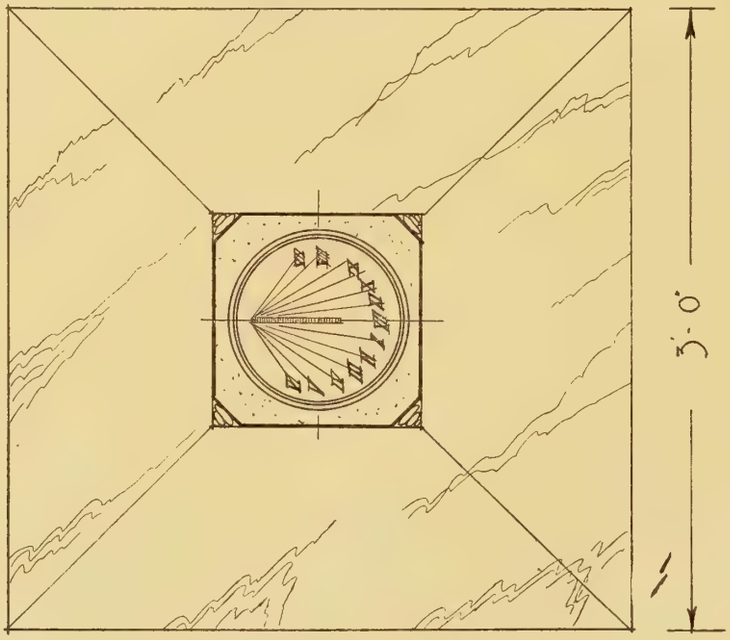


PLAN

3'-0"

ONE FOOT

HAPPINESS

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off DIVINE event
To which the whole creation moves.

Tennyson

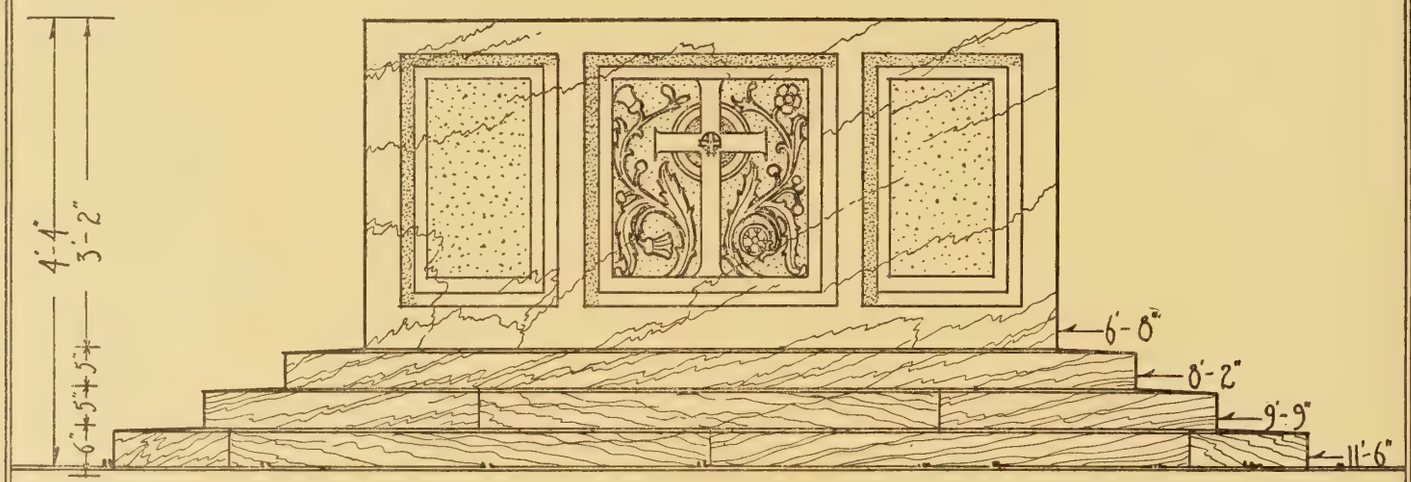
DIVINE

(Altar Tomb)

THERE is no repose for the soul except in the Divine, wrote Amiel, and elsewhere he observed that all the senses, all the forces of the soul and spirit are so many open outlets to the Divine. But in this age of intense and urbane life, fraught with complexities and distractions, man finds little time for that contemplation of Divine things which, as Arnold said, ennoble this life. Denied to so large an extent that constant communion with Nature which brings man so close to his God, we rely more and more upon man-made-creeds and organizations to bring God to us, alas, too often in formula only and lacking that intimate contact which comes only from within,—that Divine feeling, as John Cardinal Newman put it, which is kindred with the skies. And may not the loss of this kinship with God, this lack of intimate association with Nature in all her moods and laws, account for the tragic grief we suffer when suddenly we confront Nature fulfilling her law by taking from us to another state some friend or kin? Only one whose faith is schooled in the eternal transitions of Nature can see the Divine hand of God through Nature restoring the soul of one we love to that eternity from which we all came and to which we are all destined to return. Longfellow likened death to a transition; and so likewise life is a constant transition. One who has lived with Nature, as God, early realizes that all life is change, inevitable and desirable change.

Sarah Flowers Adams, who wrote "Nearer My God To Thee," in one of her poems described this succession of change,—how the sun and the showers, the joys and tears alike give the soul fit nourishment and seeing in all this the Divine hand that made us, the Divinity that shapes our end, she closes the lovely lines with resignation builded upon faith and understanding—Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Religion is the medium through which man seeks accord with God, and it is through religious art that man records his faith in the Divine. There are two traditional types of memorial which are borrowed from ecclesiastical art,—the Cross and the altar tomb. Dating back to early Christian worship in the catacombs, where a crypt or sarcophagus often served as an altar, the altar tomb today retains the form and decoration of the holy table. In design, memorials of this type are not unlike the sarcophagus form, so prevalent in our cemeteries. And unlike the Cross, they are by no means commonly used as a theme for the cemetery memorial. Where the family plot is located near many memorial Crosses, the altar tomb affords a desirable and no less symbolical solution because it avoids a repetition of form. The design may be essentially simple in decoration, like the example here illustrated, or the surfaces may be enriched with many symbols in the Gothic manner.



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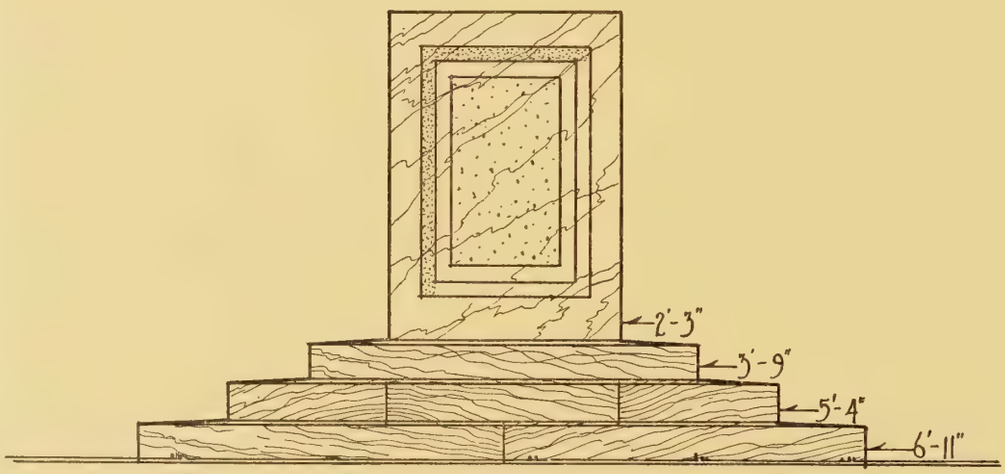


SIDE

DIVINE

THREE FEET

There' s in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, PURITY, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Otway

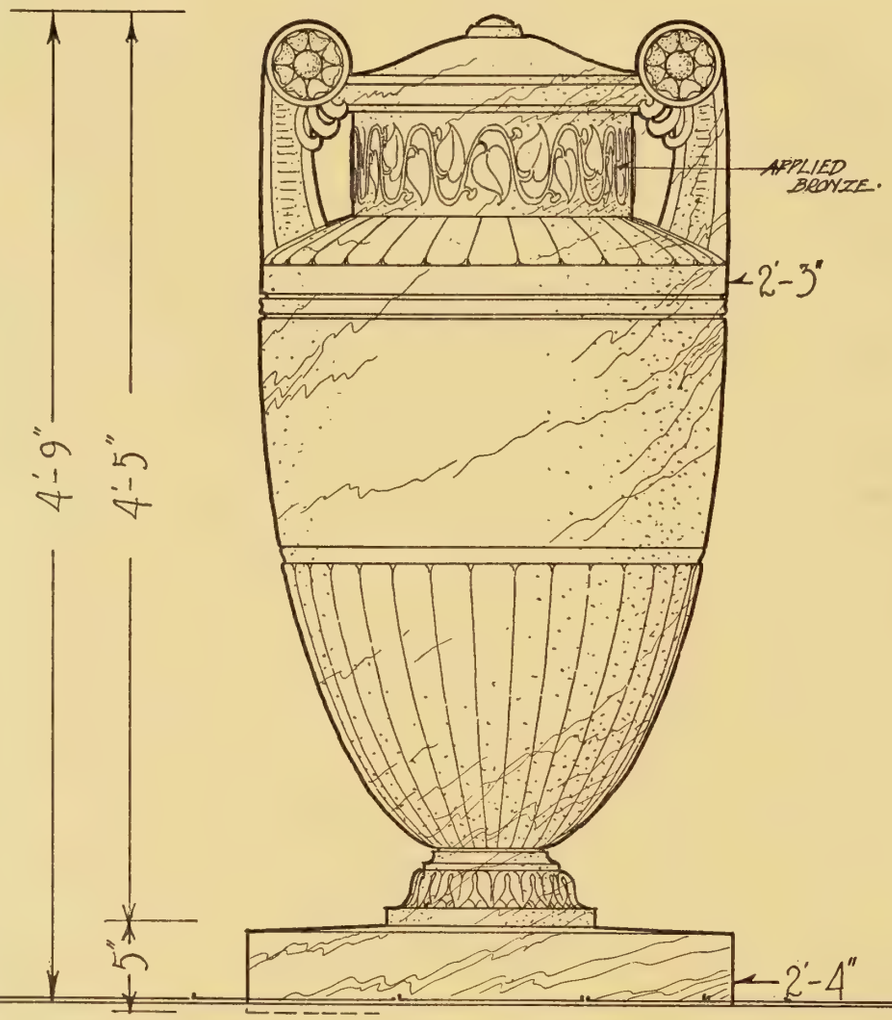
PURITY

(Urn)

MEEK and lowly, pure and holy, chief among the blessed three,—surely in these lines Jeffrey enshrined the noblest attributes of a beautiful life; for what is nobler than a life of pure and vestal modesty? Such a life sheds a very halo upon all who come within its influence and, to borrow words from Moore, we become like the stained web that whitens in the sun, grown pure by being purely shone upon. Doudney wrote of the pure, the beautiful, the bright that stirred us in our youth,—but is it not true that these stir us in mature life no less? Lytton describes true eyes, too pure and too honest in aught to disguise the sweet soul shining through them,—have we not all seen eyes like these and silently paid homage to the sublimity of purity and truth? And do we not all know of a life such as Sir Talfourd described,—a life that flowered from its mysterious urn a sacred stream, in whose calm depths the beautiful and pure alone are mirrored? Surely, all is not wrong with a world that reveres attributes like these. Perhaps the skeptics should be reminded that unto the pure all things are pure. And if we are indeed living in a period of materialism and abandon to pleasure, surely the pendulum will inevitably swing back; surely purity and truth, eternal joy and everlasting love will triumph over all evil.

For sheer beauty of line and all the elements of pure design, no single object in all the arts has attained an appeal so universal or

sustained as the urn or vase. In his immortal ode, Keats refers to the lovely Grecian urn as a foster-child of Silence and slow Time. Only the student of art can sense the full significance of those lines; for the urn and vase are among the earliest records of prehistoric man and the most gifted artists of all periods have dedicated their talents to the form and decoration of these vessels which have ever played a major role in sacred, state and funereal rites. In architecture and memorial art, the designer naturally turns to the superb urns and vases of the classic and neo-classic styles. The memorial depicted on the opposite leaf is of this classic source in design and such a memorial affords a welcome departure from the conventional monument. Obviously, it is an ideal theme for the columbarium.



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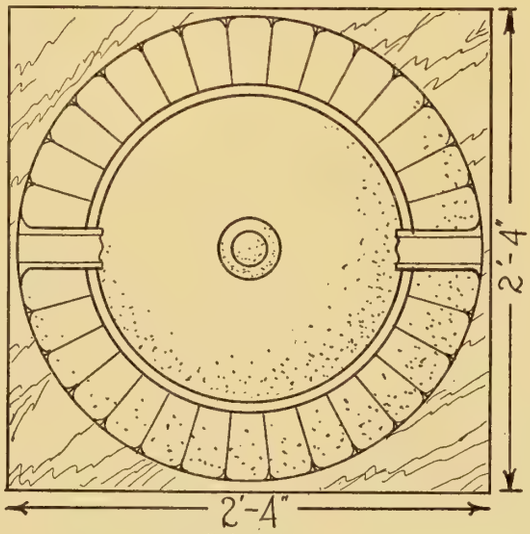


"PLAN"

ONE-FOOT

"PURITY"

The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with ADORATION.

Wordsworth

ADORATION

(Sculpture)

AS the little Child in swaddling clothes lay in the manger at Bethlehem, a great star in the vaulted heaven led a band of pilgrims from the East to Him who was destined to become the King of Kings. In the adoration of the Magi,—the devotions of these weary travellers from the land of traditional mysticism and venerable wisdom,—we have the first public worship of Christ, the Saviour of men, the Apostle of brotherly love. What wonder, therefore, that adoration should have played a notable part in the ritual of the early Church and that adoring hosts and angels should surround Christ in the great works of Christian art? Like so many words of profound significance, the term "adoration" is often used lightly, but few indeed fail to feel that adoration in its proper expression involves an emotion loftier than anything material can inspire,—something that involves the supreme of love and devotion. Such, for example, as our adoration of a soul who has passed into that veiled beyond where God and man are one with man and God. The abstract significance and symbolism of architecture is powerless alone adequately to express such a spiritual emotion. And so it is that the noblest of the representative arts—sculpture—has been traditionally employed to express with the human form in attitudes which all can understand, the adoration of the Christ and of those we have loved who have gone before.

The religious and memorial art of every period, since the advent of Christ, is rich in suggestions for the sculptured monument symbolizing adoration. The world's great masterpieces, in all of the representative arts, afford both the sculptor and the designer boundless themes for the Adoring Angel in bas-relief or in the round. And contrary to the general impression, a sculptured memorial of this kind need not be costly or imposing in scale. It is not necessary to employ expensive talent nor to accept ordinary commercial statuary. The design here reproduced illustrates a memorial tablet of modest scale and simple design in which an Adoring Angel is featured in low relief. Modelled by an artist of recognized ability and carved by skilled craftsmen in marble—the traditional medium for sculpture—such a memorial takes its proper place as a work of art; significant, beautiful and inspiring to all. In America, we need more memorials of this kind,—memorials which not only commemorate the dead but inspire the living with faith and hope and the universal appeal of beauty.

TO BE CARVED FROM SCULPTOR'S MODEL
4'-6"
4'-3"
2'-6"
5"
10"
3'-6"
1'-10"
FRONT
SIDE

ADORATION

TWO FEET

Like some sweet plaintive MELODY
Of ages long gone by.

Motherwell

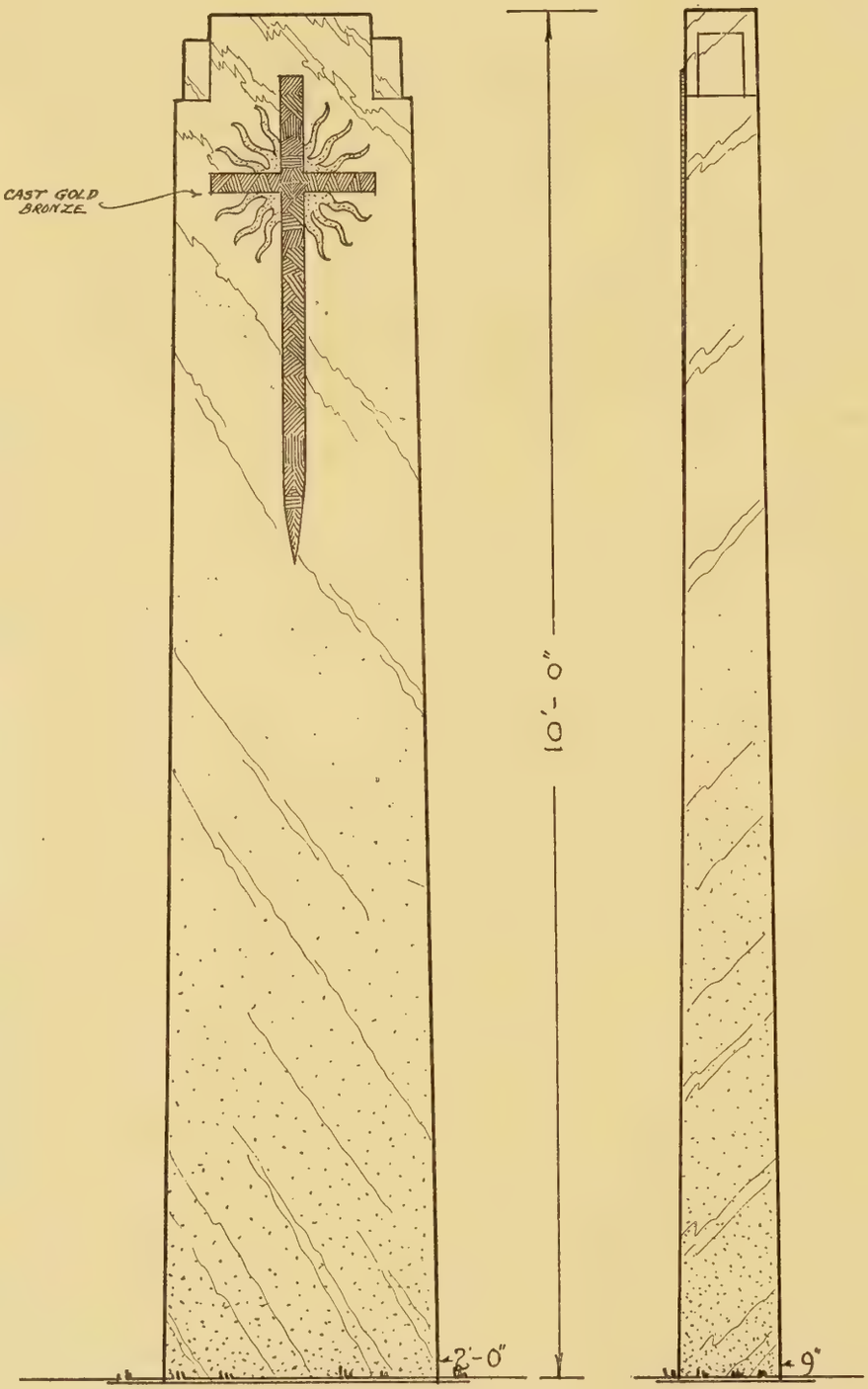
MELODY

(Cross Tablet)

HEN soft voices die, wrote Shelley, music vibrates in the memory and, to borrow a kindred thought from Coleridge, all melodies are the echoes of that voice, all colors a diffusion from that light. As we suffer the burden and discord of life it may be difficult for us to agree with Ruskin that all one's life is music if one touches the notes rightly and in tune. But if we take the larger view of life and liken it to a symphony composed of many movements with concerted harmonies followed by tumultuous discords, how very apt the simile becomes. Indeed, has it not been said by some poet or philosopher that discord was but harmony misunderstood? And was it not Lewis Morris who wrote that rest springs from strife and discordant notes beget divinest harmonies? The truth of this we cannot reasonably deny and so returning to our simile and thoughts of the voice that is stilled, may we not liken memory to the sweet strain of a plaintive melody coursing its way through the structure of a symphony,—through the song and sorrow of life? For the melody in cadence sweet remains with us long after the mighty structure of the symphony has spent itself.

By students of esthetics, architecture is often called frozen music; for like a melody, architecture involves rhythm, unity, harmony and other elements of effect employed in music. And in memorial art, no single type of monument surpasses the modern

variant of the ancient stele and erect cross tablet in featuring these elements. Witness the towering monolith on the opposite leaf. Like its ancient prototype, the lines are decidedly vertical, expressing aspiration. The work is hewn from a single block of marble. There is grace, rhythm and unity. Like the melodious strains of some mighty choral, it lifts the soul heavenward and there at the pinnacle is the Cross of Calvary, emblazoned with inlaid gold and telling its message to the ages. Yes, truly the artist can make music of architecture, music that inspires and lives.



· FRONT · · SIDE ·

· MELODY ·

THREE · FEET

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to HEAVEN aspires.

Taylor

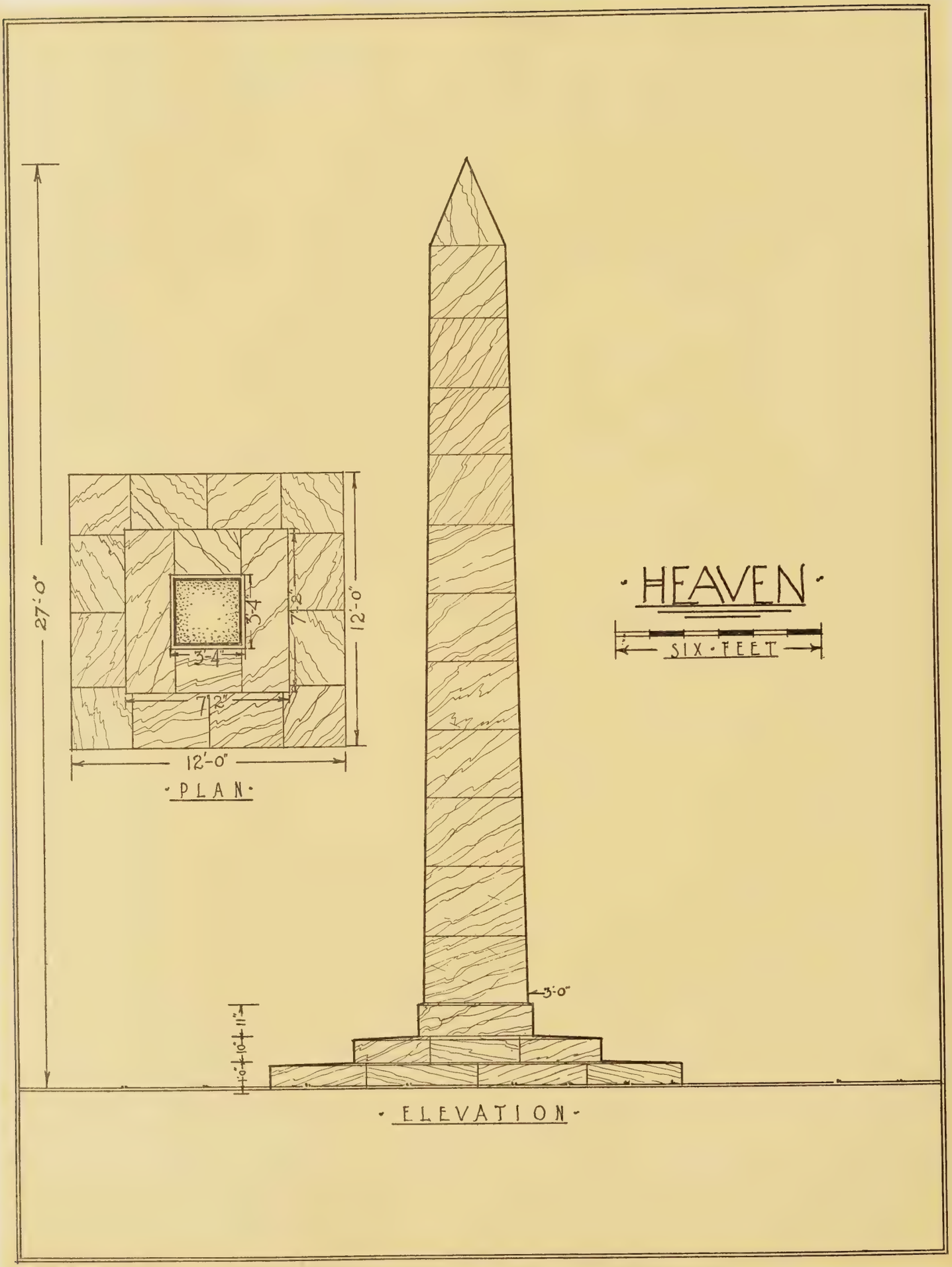
HEAVEN

(Shaft)

IT is not the whole of life to live, we are taught, nor all of death to die. And throughout the ages of which we have record man has visioned a Paradise beyond, be it some happy hunting ground or a vast Elysium where the achromatic white light of God and love will give immortal life and joy to the soul. Perhaps as Addison expressed it, there is a divinity that stirs within us and Heaven itself points out the hereafter. Certain it is that in the hour of sorrow when even Heaven itself tries our faith and virtue with afflictions, we cannot but feel that there is something more than oblivion; for were we not all born with the beginning of time—in the vast eternity of the past—and is it not reasonable to assume that the vast eternity of the future holds something in store? Fortunately, as Pope observed, Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate. But whatever our faith or creed or reason may teach us concerning admission to the future state, we can all believe with Henry Ward Beecher that Heaven will be inherited by every man who has Heaven in his soul. Thus in our sorrow, we should ask with Swinburne: Who knows but on their sleep may arise such light as never Heaven let through to earth from Paradise? Truly Heaven loves and pities the hapless, wrote Pope, for sacred even to the gods is misery. And in the hope of a blessed hour of reunion we can believe with the poet Davis that the starlight of Heaven

above us shall quiver as our souls flow in one down eternity's river.

The steeple of the Church symbolizes the spiritual and uplifting power of religion and the moral aspirations of man. It was evolved from the obelisks which stood before the Egyptian temple,—emblems of the sun god Ra and the regeneration of man. It has long been a favoured form for the civic and private memorial. Towering heavenward from a sightly location, the obelisk probably ranks among the most simple and impressive of all monuments. It is obviously most effective when the height is properly featured and it is best used on large plots removed from any similar type of memorial. In America, various pedestal forms are used to support the shaft or spire. These are usually concave in outline and while they attain a rather graceful continuity of line, nevertheless, no type of base or support rivals the simple three steps which, if properly subordinated in scale, tend to increase the effect of height as illustrated in the design here reproduced.


27'-0"
12'-0"
7'-2"
3'-4"
3'-4"
7'2"
12'-0"
PLAN
HEAVEN
SIX FEET
3'-0"
1'-0"
ELEVATION

—In sure and certain HOPE of the resurrection.

The Burial Service

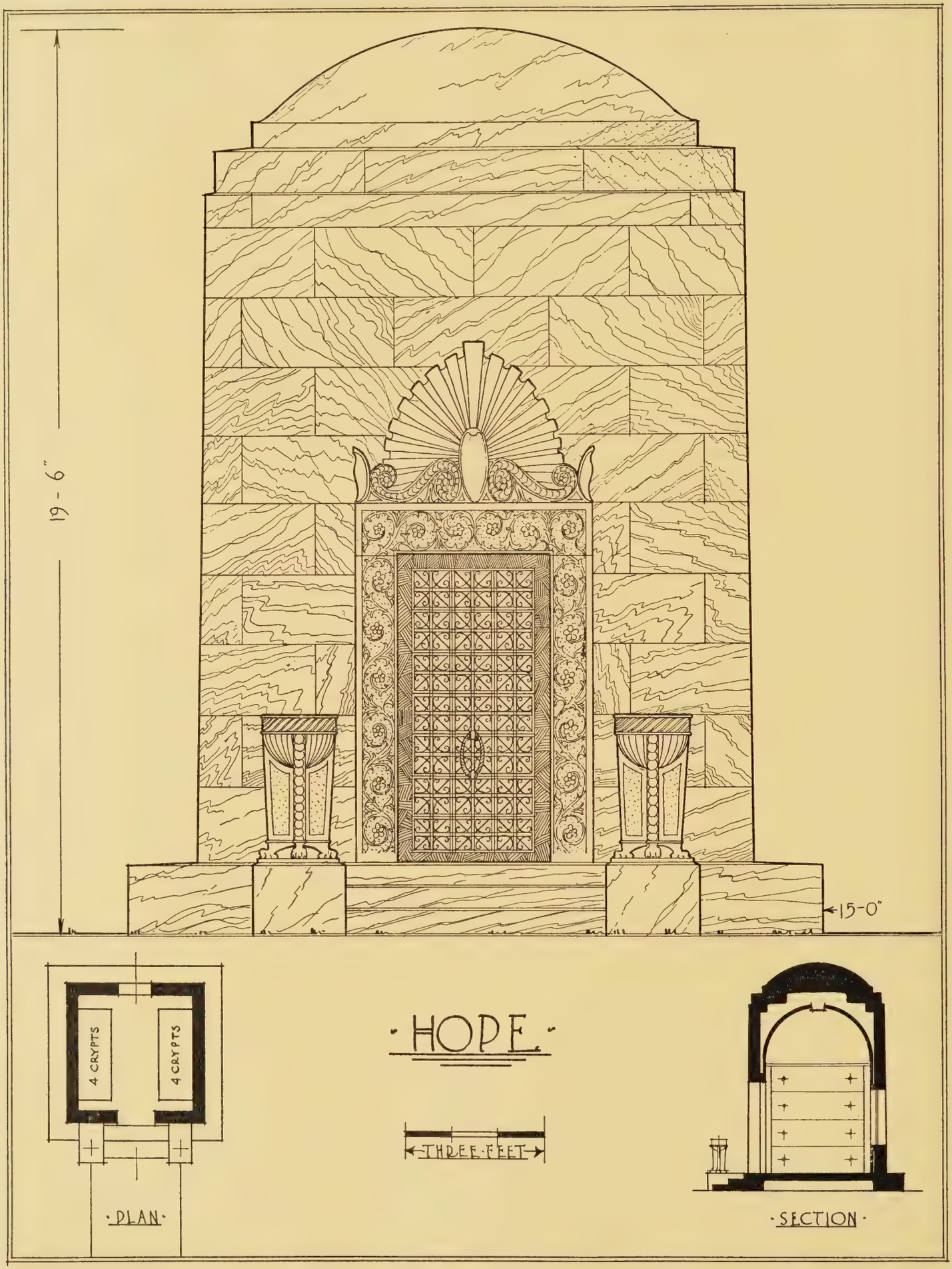
HOPE

(Mausoleum)

N the dark hour of sorrow, there is only one hope which, like a solitary star fixed in the vast night around us, gives a gleam of comfort; a gleam that verily becomes a glow as the darkness deepens—the hope to meet again. And if the poets are indeed gifted with a sight to see the unseen, we may well follow the light of that star, for we are told that hope springs eternal in the human breast, and that there is a hope for every woe and a balm for every pain. A thousand cheerful omens, Bryant tells us, give hope of yet brighter days whose dawn is nigh. And even the agnostic Ingersoll sensed the truth of all this when he exclaimed at his brother's grave: In the night of death, hope sees a star and, listening, Love can hear the rustling of a wing. Thus, as we stand gazing into that valley of shadow through which some friend has passed, we can with Tennyson pray that the Father will touch the East and light the light that shone when Hope was born. And when the pessimists would teach that we are all but prisoners of hope, we can reply with Tupper's famous lines: Wait, thou child of Hope, for Time shall teach thee all things.

The tomb or mausoleum has ever been associated with the resurrection—the hope to meet again. Throughout the ages man has sensed a spiritual obligation and a measure of consolation in providing a permanent place of sepulture for his dead and the architecture of all nations is rich in motives for the tomb both simple and

ornate. Thus, the modern mausoleum represents the experience of countless centuries in construction and it embraces every period or style in design. Moreover, contemporary progress in engineering skill and stone-working machinery have not only perfected the sanitation of these structures and insured their permanance, but they have also made the private mausoleum a possibility for families in moderate circumstances. The design here illustrated was inspired by Goldsmith's lines: Hope, like the gleaming taper's light, adorns and cheers our way, and still, as darker grows the night, emits a brighter ray. Enshrined in an idealized setting, the study suggests how far we have gone in America in departing from the sombre and funereal in structures of this kind.


19 - 6"
15-0"
4 CRYPTS
4 CRYPTS
·PLAN·
·HOPE·
THREE·FEET
·SECTION·

A day, an hour, of virtuous LIBERTY
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Addison

LIBERTY

(War Memorial)

THESE heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battles, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.

Robert Green Ingersoll

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!

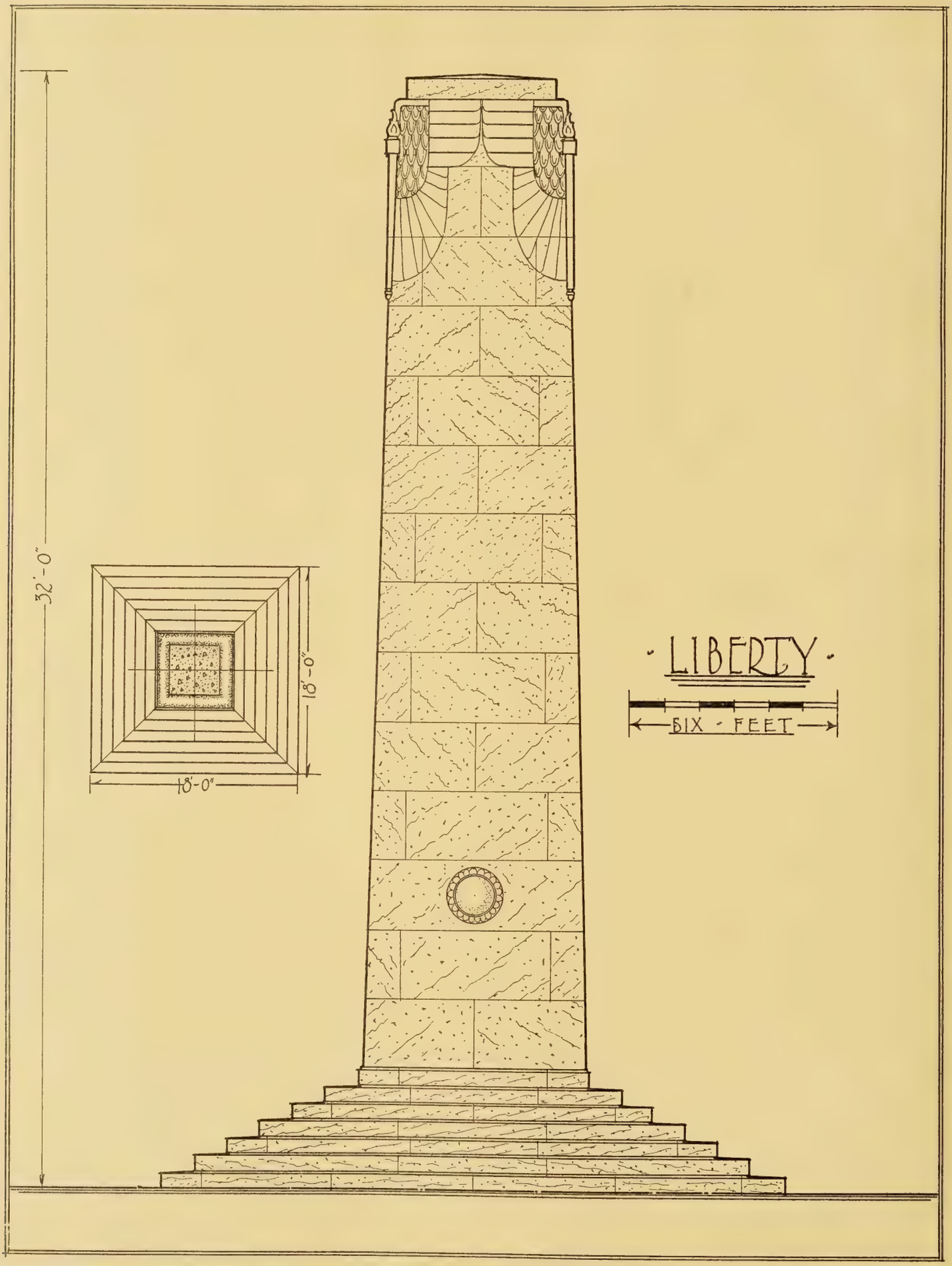
Daniel Webster

Since the World War the number of public monuments has increased so that nearly every one has had some part in the selection

or erection of a fitting tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice. These records in enduring stone, if they accomplish their full purpose, diffuse the one thing essential to the right development of individuals and to the real grandeur of nations. Buckle held that no man had the right to barter away liberty even from himself, still less from his children. It is a sacred deposit and the love of it is a holy instinct engraven on our hearts.

Our so-called war memorials must not enlarge upon or glorify war, but must teach our children's children the inalienable prerogative of man, of which no force of circumstances and no lapse of time can deprive him.

It is fitting that in order to tell the story to future generations, our present-day designers must give great thought and care to the permanence of their creations. It is not alone necessary to see that the foundations are carefully built and the masonry securely bonded, but the marble itself must have the enduring qualities which weather and time cannot destroy, lest liberty and the memory of our glory should vanish.


32'-0"
18'-0"
18'-0"
LIBERTY
SIX - FEET

MATERIALS

IN an old mediaeval contract for a tomb occurs the agreement—John Bowide, of Corff Castle, marbler, doth covenant to make a tombe of as good and fine marble, as well coloured as may be had in England. We are so accustomed at the present time to take without question what is offered to us that often little thought is given to the material from which a memorial is to be wrought. Durability must be considered and then the suitability of the material for the design. Most monument designers today feature plain surfaces and ornament when used effectively should embellish and enrich the mass but not disturb the silhouette and outline of the work.

In England the suitability of "marble stone" for the construction of memorials and monuments was realized by the beginning of the fourteenth century and by the end of the fourteenth century had practically taken the place of other materials for that purpose. In America the earliest Colonial stones were made from marble and today the choice of the more discriminating artists and craftsmen is the same. True they desire durablity with beauty and with this aim have stimulated the search for the best in this material. Our craftsmen today employ the marbles of Italy, Greece and America for interior memorials, but for the cemetery their choice almost invariably falls on a native or domestic stone. The most discriminating of our artists have discovered that the blue hills of Georgia produce a marble of intriguing beauty and of remarkable hardness.

Added to this are the variety of shades and colors from pure crystal line white to the glowing shades of rosy morn. Needless to say, endless expressions of beauty and charm may be conceived and executed when a client gives his memorialist the combined free rein of his imagination and the choice of a material best adapted for the rendition of his dream.

A remarkable combination of thought and effort has resulted in placing the marbles of Georgia within reach of all desiring the best in material for their family memorial. The Georgia Marble Company with its headquarters at Tate, Georgia, and branches in the leading centers has built up through years of careful study a service second to none in the United States. The block for the smallest headstone is quarried and produced with just as much care for quality as the mighty monolith weighing forty or fifty tons destined ultimately to form a stately shaft or graceful fountain of heroic proportions.

Thus we see that Nature has given bountifully of her art to color Georgia's marbles. The industry of Georgia citizens has made available these marbles for our use. The architects, sculptors and craftsmen appreciate this beauty and service. All, who may desire this material, may now have it in all its beauty and enduring charm to mark the spot where we come into the calm and proud possession of eternal things.

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